

A
HERRINGS
Tayle:

*Contayning a Poeticall fiction of diuers
matters worthie the reading.*



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HERRINGS

Taylor

Printers worth the reading.



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A Herrings Tayle.

I Sing the strange aduentures of the hardie Snayle,
Who durst (vnlikely match) the weathercock assayle:
A bold attempt, at first by fortune flattered
With boote, but at the last to bale abandoned.
Helpe sportfull Muse to tune my gander-keaking quill,
And with inck blotles of sad merriments it fill,
With drum of clapped wings, and with the shrilly blast
Of his throte trumpet, Chaunticleere, now third and last,
Had sounded a discharge vnto the welkin watch,
To leaue their stand, and giue their shot, and quench their match.
And dame *Aurora* now faithfull Ambassadresse
Of the new borne day, and of the nights decease,
The purple violets, and crimson roses, culd
In *Paradise*, had from her fragrant chaplet puld,
And strowde before *Dan Phæbus* feete, and now gan hee
With peacock priding rayes, th'awaked worlds glee,
To climbe the Easterne hils, and with light skips to play
Betweene the wrinkles of the furrow faced sea,
When rested *Zymazon*, thrusteth his fenceles head
Out at his dooreles house, and with eye measured,
How farre he climed had, how farre he had to clime,
What guesse proportion plots, to cunning toyle and time:
Where whiles he humbleth sight to the disdained ground,
More then his hope could craue, he his atchiuement found.
But raysing looke againe to reliques of his race,

A Herrings Tayle.

Lesse then his wish would haue, did his attempt embrace.
Thus ioy of what was past, and feare of what was left,
Though wonder much it gaue, despayre not wholie rest.
Sore grieues he at the paine, but more he doubts the shame:
For vnbegun then not to end, breeds meaner blame.
What may he then resolue? retire is infamous,
Still standing friuolous, ascending dangerous.
So haue I seene a gallant Impe, of sturring blood,
Presuming greatest blisse, in the vntried good,
By his vaine copesmates drawne, and by his promise tide,
In quest of fleeting gaine, some wooden horse to ride:
Where while on traytor sea, and mid the mutiue windes,
His freedome thralde, health paired, and life engagde he findes,
Not able to forgoe, nor to performe his taske,
What there he makes, doth with too late repentance aske:
Yet cloake of vertue on necessitie he throwes,
And rather blam'd then sham'd, at last he homeward goes.
So *Lymazon* goes on, and climes the haughtie towre,
Haught more then that which *Cæsars* ashes did embowre:
Or those of *Pharaohs*, who with ambitious strife
By their death houses deem'd to ouerliue their life.
This apizing in shape and hew, the spiry fire,
Like styng doth to his like element aspire:
And for this cause was built,
Fame sayes, when *Vther* to the fayre *Igernas* bed,
Made way on carkasse of her husband slaughtered:
She causer of the fact, not partner of the guilt,
Washt with her teares the blood by others hand yspilt,
And sought with price of borrowd merits to entich
Her either make, who did, and suffered too much:
Tyntagill was the place where she exchanged loues,
Tyntagill was the place where to both their behoues

She

A Herrings Tayle.

She reares a stately house, which lowly Munks may haunt
For their soules *requiem*, sad spels to chaat and chaunt :
Whose Cels enuironed a temple rare of frame,
For substance rare, more rare for forme that deckt the same:
But rarest for the steeple, which with wonder rose
In that huge temples waste, and wonder ouergrowes :
The foote whose large alsise this Giant bodie bare,
Were squarie faced stones, with sides outlayed square,
Marble the stones, the sides, rule (king of measure) skand,
Three hundred broad to stretch, high fiftie foote to stand:
Within a labyrinth of wenlace thwarting wayes,
By searchers errors blaz'd the Craftmans readie praise :
Such one he once deuise to hide a hatefull Loue,
Whose vnflidge bird did skills flight by falling proue:
And such one made the first and great'st *Plantagenet*,
His worlds rose, but rose vncleane, there safe to set,
Vnhappie spur to draw, vnhappie clew to sow,
Beloueds death, the wiues reuenge, and husbands woe.
But what *Dadale* began, and *Harrie* followed,
Art and experience here past mendment perfected.
This platformes shoulders vnderwent th'abating weight
Of Porphirie Pyramides, which tolde in height
Three hundred halfes of feete, and halfed that at base,
Their number five, and *Quiucunx* wise they stood in place:
At point, each broached a beguiled ropper mound,
All which a Petasus of fine Electre crownd,
Whose edgelyfrendged rang with sikuer bells about,
Charme taught the winde, winde them, and the shauen rout;
When Dorter loath to leaue, when people loathed quire,
Thereon vp second climeth a foure taled spire,
Fine skore the foote did skore along their Iasper side,
Their tops of polisht Geat, a table paied wide:

A Herrings Tayle.

Whereon, burden to the earth, and enuie to the skye,
Of Iacynth fiue, outreach the compasse of the eye,
Shall I it speake? and possibilitie respect,
The fire of truth, or her child-likelihood affect,
And hold my peace, it may be sure, it sure it weare,
Ile speake, and on my authors credit bold me beare.
These last, gainst all the rest, intry-right ballance layd,
For worth them counterpoizd, and for height ouerwayd,
He that the Romanes cropped in their budding pride,
And after with lost libertie them gratifide.

Porfena Tuscan King, in death, and times despite,
With these long lines, his fame (but yet vaine fame) did write,
When tyrie groning earth, rowzing her gally back,
Shooke downe this heauie load and buried it in wrack:
So long and long it lay cuen in the ruines faire,
Till *Merlin* sonne of fiend, and of their arts the heire,
With ouer-daring voyce, measur'd to whispring charmes,
His cursed kin, from lowest deepe, by fluttering swarmes
Vp cals, and with his finger dipt in guiltles blood,
A snakie circle twines, which vgly fenced stood,
With Characters of vncouth note, and willing pend
That damned troope, who prest, then-ioynd service attend.
Then had dull night, succeeding the daies cheerfull eye,
Drownd all in deadly sleepe, and curtaine-spred the skye,
When the Calker vnruietting their letter giues,
On wings of storme, this cole-black legion arriues
At *Clusium*, *Clusum*, where they expresse were sent,
To fetch the briregrowne reliques of this monument.
One launcheth on his knobbie back a Capitell,
Another veyles his either horne with a dumb bell:
Some, in their griping tallants, clum a ball of brasse,
Like Cranes with warlike march, who Pontick surges passe:

Those,

A Herrings Tayle.

Those, with their crumpled tayles, enfold a pillars flank,
Like teeme of yoked oxen, pacing ranck by ranck.
These beare a vaulted pauement for a Canopie,
All, sweating pitchie drops of *Sweat*, their toyle applie,
Eu'n as the steale-corne Pismire tugs and hales his load,
Till winter store in keepe of Cob be safely stowde :
Or politician Bee, with quintessence of flowers,
His legs, and wings, and mouth besmeares, and it embowers :
So buzzing on they flie, and *rendez vous* they get,
And downe discharge their load, and vp the frame they set,
That ere his paramours cabbin *Titan* forewent,
The worke was done, the workmen gone, *Merlin* content.
And in the center of this Labyrinth, he plasht
A sumptuous Tombe, and center of that Tombe he graste
With *Igraines* hating loues conioynd in equall rest,
Whom earst a diuers state, whom now one fate posselt.
Yet, *Theban* brethren like, their corpses shund to touch,
Swayes wrathmen mortall so ? no, same thou blabst too much.
This while Sir *Lymaxon* the vpmost storie wan,
And with soft haste to mount the middle spire began,
Step after step he slides, and length steales from his way,
Yet length he seemes to adde, swarming, but not astray :
For not direct he climes, climbing direct, may breede
More speede then ease, and more hazard of fall then speede.
Like as the Gerfaulcon, a point of height to win,
Vpon the wagling winged Heron, doth not begin
His stairie mount vp right, but elsewhere soareth out,
And turning tayle, a winding compasse sets about,
That eye fixt by desire, and wing guided by the eye,
And both not plied with more strength then industrie,
May to a loftier pitch so make retourne in th'end,
And with lesse fence of paine, dazling steepnes ascend.

So

A Herrings Tayle.

So our Deawes-sonne sometimes an hold most circle makes,
Now lines in angles sharpe, now in obtuse he brakes:
There true loue knots he twines, here paints some flowres or
Vncouth the shapes, but bootfull to his bent they bee. (tree,
The Circles to compasse, the Angles vp to get,
The knots to binde, the trees and flowers a grace to set,
And where so Art, or fortune taught, or brought his waies,
Auernishon his footsteps smooth and bright he laies:
Smooth as the path, which vnder walking fingers yeelds,
And twixt two hillocks leades vnto th' *Elician* fields,
Bright as the worme, whose tayle the high wayes side bestarres,
And on the helme for Canuifado serues in warres:
And now by scale he shortned had the steepe ascent,
And with glad eye layd holdfast on the battlement:
When *Alectra* uemos from battlement espide
Another steeple cleauing to that steeples side,
Which strange Geometrie, follies Impe, wonder bred:
Wonder, by reason the strangenes examined;
If life it had, where is the shape that bodies beare?
If life it lackt, so farre, so high, how stuck it there?
If somewhat els it brought, where was the bringer gon?
If selfe it came, where were the feete it went vpon?
If walled house, how it to moue so could he see?
If moue. it did, a walled house how could it bee?
Yet it a life enioyed, and life a bodie clad,
And bodie feete posselt, and feete were skild to gad:
And all this had a house, and house all this did hold,
And both did moue, and both were mou'd, as shall be told.
When *Saturne* by reuenge (whereto euen natures kinde
Bindeth what so she breeds) did ouertaken finde
His neuer turning course of vnkinde crueltie,
And headlong tumbled from that godlike fou'raigtie:

Whose

A Herrings Tayle.

Whose fraile foundation on wickednes was pight,
Dislike, withstood, fought with, vanquish, chased to flight,
An old man by a yong, a father by his sonne,
A King by his subiect, he all forlorne did wonne:
Sometimes on mountaines rough, sometimes on surging waues,
Sometimes in forrests wilde, sometimes in hollow caues,
Of safetie as vn sure, as sure of miserie,
Still doubting least his very hides would him descrie,
The hills by their rising, by their roring the floods,
The vaults by ecchoing, by whispering the woods:
Amongst those refuges, sillie refuges sought,
Fortune or fate at last to the Snayles house him brought.
That time all Snayles alike rom'd naked lym'd abroad,
Nor partiall waight did more the tone then tother load.
But as the Lion hath his den, his combe the Bee,
The Fox his cabbin, Cony berry, Squirrell tree,
Ant hill, Hare fourme, Rat nest, and hole the pettie Mousc:
So had each wandring Snayle his vtremouing house.
Now *Saturne* led by feare, which neerely prieth, crept
Close into one of these, and out the owner kept:
Himselfe a tyrant, forst by a more tyrant, need,
Ne false, though strange, let pausing credit deeme this deed.
For if great Gods with shapes of men themselves haue clothed,
Nor forme of beasts (thrall'd to sinfull lusts) haue lothed:
Why would they not as soone? why might they not as well?
Their lithic bodies bound with limits of a shell?
Now when time (Lord of change) had reconcilment wrought
Betwixt the sire and sonne, and *Ioue*, home *Saturne* brought:
He, though constrained curtesie, yerne slight reward,
Yet what befitted him to yeeld, did more regard,
Then what the other ought receive: and so he gaue
What euer bootfull boone the Snayle best like to craue.

A Herring's Tayle.

Euen as a ship whom diuers windes and billowes sway
From side to side, and too much driving force to stay:
So his desire by diuers tides of shocking thought,
Toft here and there, vnsetled long resolu'd on nought,
Till him discourse enform'd that euery perfect good,
Waters his neighbour fields with his wealbearing flood:
And that none ill there growes whose branches venomous,
Disperse not wide their leaues and shade infectious:
Wherefore to take the good and to forsake the ill,
He choice made to exchange his neighbour head at will,
And still to beare, and still to vse his shellie caue
For house, for fort, for clothes, for bed, and for his grane.
Saturne assents, the Charter taylord is in fee,
And all house Snayles from him deriue their pedigree:
So wedded he his house, and so he crawles and clings,
And t' *Aletrauemos* neerer defiance brings.
Who of his steale-step march hath still a fresh auize,
To his ripening knowledge conueied by his eyes:
They shew him first a hill, or fort, or towre, or all,
Or like to all, built of a thin strong cloamy wall:
Not Samian clay (potters chiefe pride) can match with this,
Nor seene through Porcelaine that so long tempring is:
His forme a winding round proffring easie ascent,
Decreasing in his growth and in a point yspent.
Such *Babel* was, if painters (poets kin) doe right,
Sauc *Babel* ceast at halues, this vaunts a perfect plight:
A compasse vaulted Arch at foote wide income yeelds,
Keysars modell t'engraued on like their bloodie feelds:
His colour Iris like, but as with storme defaste,
Or th'early morning gray: but as with clowde disgraste,
And still as more he lookt, more cause of feare he tooke,
And as he feared more, that causde him more to looke,

Till

A Herring's Tayle.

Till the lesse distance scope at full gaine to his sight,
And shewde a whole with borrowed remnants many dight,
A Libbards face, a Panthers neck, belly of Tode,
Snakes skin, a Tertoys tayle, a Camels back with lode,
No feete, yet skill to stalke, no claws yet power to hold,
No blood but in his lieu a liquide Chrifall cold:
I quake to speake, yet speake I must of each his horne,
Th'offensue armour of a double Vnicorne,
Straight as two launces coucht by Orped Knight in rest,
Pliant as sinowy arme of wraistler nimbellest,
Out with vprising pride by stolne degrees they grow,
And in retire with speed, it cause occasion show:
Euen as the heele-bite Serpent darterth forth his speare,
Which on his point doth sting, venome, and murder beare,
And in with spoyles it plucks, but this works feller harme:
For Serpent threats with hiss, no warning here doth arme.
Yet natures wise foresight, (foresight wisely ordaines)
Though power to hurt she giue, with bayles y power restraines:
So Wolfe the least stone dreads, the Oliphant the Mouse,
And by Cocks crowing dar'd the Lyon flies the house:
So testie stinging Drane but once can wreake his spite,
So Vipers wise, his head their brood her belly bite.
And so in either launce Dame natures kinde remorse,
With a mourne head temps their elsall slaying force:
Yet as her marshall Impe not in full feature borne,
Or as the troncheons left, the rest to shiuersorne,
Or as the menace of a new supplie at hand,
Two yong growne stanes at foot with heads out peering stand:
So strangie sight iust wonder breeds and wonder doubt,
And doubt assembles of sad feares an vgly rout:
Whosaulting *Alectraemos* sought, but in vaine,
To force him cut with sethrie sheares the skie curtaine:

A Herring's Tayle.

For he was to that seruice bound in prentisage
For many yeares, thus wise by *Merlin* ouersage.
Farre hence away in countrie of the clowdie skies,
A dungeon deepe and large beset with hils there lies,
Where blustering windes and shipwracke stormes a boystrous
With bolts on locks, & bars on bolts, in prison strong (throng,
Are fast vpclosde, they struggling wrastle, hisse and rote.
And rage on rage, by exercise encreasen more,
Contending forth to breake that empyring alone,
New Chaosde heauen and earth they may confound in one.
But *Aolus* aloft with threatning mace restraines
Their furie, and in bonds within bounds them containes.
There is his realme and raigne, there doth his pallace stand,
And those mouthes breath or blow, as his mouth list command.
It fortun'd this band was sent abroad to chase
The fogs, and dust to sweepe, from old earths rugged face:
Who, as they tennisde vp and downe with skittish play,
And in this pether ayre to make new clowdes assay,
Slic *Merlin* comes the while, and spying *Elpie* tide,
Snatcht vp and hid this bird, and away with him hide:
And hither he him brought, and on the spire him set,
And by his mightie charmes bound him in endles det,
With true measur'd crowing, the timely houres to speake,
And still against his windie fire to winde his beake:
All other weathercocks that can but creak and hisse,
Are counterfeits of this, and counterfeits to this.
But whence he came, and why him *Aole* did atow,
Listen my Lordings gent, and I shall tell you how.
As long, as sore King *Aole Desiopeia* lou'd,
Sorenes the length encreast, the length the sorenes prou'd.
This, sundrie meanes out sought, in sundrie shoues exprest,
All meeting in one end to haue his grieve redrest.

Sometimes

A Herrings Tayle.

Sometimes with stillie breath he whispered in her eare,
And mixed sighs did both message and witness beare:
Sometimes in Lanes he sung, whistled and piped his woe,
Which proving vaine, he in a rage would storme and blow.
But straight repentance should them melt in showrie teares,
And he lie still as dead, and buried in despayres,
Oft adding deedes to words when she list take the aire,
He would his lodging take in her rectispled haire,
And louely hedged in by that gold wyrie frith,
Though bound himselfe, yet fast and loose he plaid therewith.
Oft would he stealing kisse her equall blisfed lips,
Oft in her sweeter bosome throw sweet flowers slips,
And oft her ticked weed about her knee he bore,
To true heart, false to loue, that might, and durst no more:
But vndefilde, though conchit, the *Cupids* shafts did ward
With shield of chastitie, *Dymond* as fayre so hard:
Iuno, great heauens *Queene*, in their demeanour red,
This courting and coynesse, and therefore promised
If he the *Troians* wrack, her ioynter would consent,
One *Hymens* knot should make her willing him content:
But though her Mistris, *Queene* and *Goddesse Iuno* were,
Yet to *Dianas* haunts she greater awe did beare,
And mouer of those broyles, her selfe vnmoued stood.
When *Eole* seeing all those ils worke little good,
His sute not heard, or not conceiu'd, his gifts refusde,
Or little reakt, his seruice scorned, or not vsde,
He casts about another course of policie:
A yoke of peacocks native tyred gorgeousslie
Did *iunos* chariot draw, and *Deiopia* stood
Charged to cate them charily, drie, and liquid food:
Ambrosia was their meate, and *Nectar* was their drinke,
In Iuorie troughs vphapt, and filled to the brinke.

A Harrings Tayle.

Now fortune (Lovers friend) so guided *Aelus*,
That one of those he got, and gave to *Zeephirus*,
Sweet breathed *Zephirus*, who (*Psyche* like) away
With bloomie gale him bare, and in sure guard did lay,
A lowly vale, *Tempe*yclipt, in *Greece* there lies,
Twixt *Ossa* and *Olympus* hills, which stately rise,
And with their beetle brows that farre prospect denyce,
Which their auoyding sides proffer the rousing eye:
All in a vesture of Greene grasse apparelled,
With guard of roses and sweet flowers embrodered,
And enterfowed trees (like bushes) yeeld a grace,
Whose waite the clissing Iune and woodbine embrace:
But they scorne proffred loue, and without spreaded armes
Protect the nurssing herbes from *Phabus* fine harmes:
Vpon their fingers perch the bushie burgesses,
A little quire, but well their tune they quoth expresse,
And in consorting layes with sweet according note,
The God of natures praise they carolled by rote.
The croaking Rau'n from his hoarse throte the base out fetcht,
And chime-skie Latke aloft vnto the trebble stretcht:
The quierman Thrush alowd the counter tenor rang,
And falling sickly Quale next ground the tenor sang,
Cuckow the butden bare, Nightingale deskanted,
Kinde Robin warbelled, the Thrustle whistled:
Low vnder these so peopled tops protection,
Springs here and there out sprout, and downwards trickling run,
Springs sayte to sight, pleasant for taste, pleasing of sound,
In feeling coole, and in their saubour fragrant found,
Who where they after other each to bottome fall,
Peneus riuer make, that nameles drownes them all:
He this new tribute beates to the grand tyrant Sea,
Yet dreading like successe long loyers by the way,

And

A Herring's Tale.

And seemes with turning eourle to seeke his spring againe,
And fretting gnawes the bankes that would his beere restrain:
The whiles one late come waite the other driueth on,
Whose mate like fast him shoones, till all vnwares be gon.
In fine, Hills, Vale, Trees, Springs, and Brooke ambrosially,
Nature pranked with pompe for triumph of the eye:
After long easie flight, *Dan Zepirus* his lode
Softly disburdened, and here it safely stood,
And *Boreas* had charge (fit laylour for a rape)
With eye to watch, with blast to stop his sought escape,
When thus the Peacock was dispatcht, *Eole* begins
To cleaue his fere in clawes, to stalkes to sharpe his thins,
His body he contriu'd, his neck he lengthened,
Pinions he made his armes, with horne he beakt his head,
His clothes to fethers waxe, his crowne a topped crest,
His starrie mantle seru'd his crouper to reueill.
In summe, the meanes vnscene, the cause and end well knowne,
He that earst seem'd a God, was now a Peacock growne,
And with his fellow ioynde, and so himselfe did beare:
Vntold, you would haue sworne that he a Peacock weare.
No marueile then if *Deiopy* for such him tooke,
When she (mistruftles) entred to her charge to looke:
Then had the Sunne that *Zenith* climbd strife to decide,
Iust arbiter betweene the morne and euen tide,
And truly noble in most height appeared least,
When heat and wearines inuite the Nymph to rest:
And downe she lay, her mother earth became her bed,
And brother stone did serue as pillow for her head,
So to deaths harbenger she doth her recommend,
Who first her senses lodgde and fancies them vppend:
Soone to the Peacock god his two spies can relate,
Th'aduantage proffered of her dead liuing state:

Which

A Herrings Tyle.

Which hastily he leide, and with steps nicely bent,
And panting breath, and longing sighs, impatient
Of all delay, guided by hope, he to her drew :
(Hope which most doubt in most assurance doth imbew)
Euen at the Ioyous entrie gate amazement yet,
Arrests his foote, and forst him pay the eye his debt,
Who this modell of beautie curiously sunwaide,
Where nature all her art, art her wit displaide.
But neither can I tell, ne can I stay to tell,
This pallace architecture, where perfections dwell :
Who list such know, let him *Muses despendier* recde,
Or thee, whom *England* sole did since the Conquest breed,
To conquer ignorance, *Sidney* like whom endite,
Euen *Plato* would, as *Ioue* (they say) like *Plato* write:
Her sunne bright lustre dazled so his gazing eye,
That it must other senses craue in ayde, to trye
Where she a liuing wight, or marble Image were:
What dost thou *Atalus*? to what end cam'st thou there?
Now, or neuer, and neuer but now take thy hap,
And euer if now, *Loue* will dandle thee in lap.
But warning none I need to giue the hind-bald time,
Better then I he wist, and caught in chiefeest prime:
Full like a hardie knight vpon her swift he leapt,
And with loue preising waight, her from arising kept,
With billing from crying, with comforting from feare,
With hugging from struggling, from all taking with prair.
What more they did, and how they greed on the scor,
Speake you, such smell-feast guests, my selfe I wote it not:
Yet this I know, what was beside her will begun,
And gainst her will doing, with her good will was done:
And she that downe a mayd her layd, a woman rose,
Ne *Phoebe* (who with changeles change still paires or growes)

Had

A Herrings Tayle.

Had more then thrice three times borrowd her brothers light
To fill her crooked hornes, (wan pilots of the night)
When as *Lucynas* traualle her vnwreting thought,
And hatching for chiding, an egge to th' world she brought,
Which egge disclosde a chick in his due worne time,
Which chick grew to a bird, which bird began this rime.
Strange this may seeme, yet true, and reason naturall
(Oft after borne) auowes such chances may befall:
For to such worke their parts both male and female bring,
The stronger bodie giues the weaker fostering.
Then might th' assaulting bird, the limmes suite to his kinde,
And the weake suffering Nymph, the seeding humour finde:
So in her lap, suspectles *Leda* (false beguilde)
Cherisht a Swan, who made her twinning egge with childe.
This bird now waxing fledge, big as the Eagle grew,
His neck with collar deckt of purest golden hew,
A purple robe his bodie clad, pranc't was his traine
With intermingled quils of the celestiall graine:
Fayre starched ruffles attirde his sight alluring face,
His head a copped coronet did comely grace:
But my pale quill dreads to approach the quelling blowes
Of that sharp sight, which twixt these chāpions inward growes.
Helpe warlike Muse my words to marshall in such sort,
That they this worthie act may worthily report.
The field the steeple top, the lists the steepe downfall,
Winde was the Trumpetter, and honor the Marshall,
Ambition and Enuie, on the assailants side,
On the defendants, parraines came, disdain and pride:
The equall Iudges chosne by both fortune and fate,
But sticklers none, for who durst venter there his pate?
Some soule was looker on, who stood still in amaze,
Or seemed still to stand, delighted with the gaze.

A Herringes Tøyle.

Th'assailants house-shield for defence him best did arme,
And the defendants sword bill seru'd him best to harme,
Yet the defence, meanes to offend, did also lend,
And the offence, supplied withall, meanes to defend,
Swift moue, but not remoue could *Alectraemos*,
Slow pac'd was *Lymaxon*, but where he list he goes,
And for him nature did in losse alsise contriue,
He causde supplying art to follow, not to strue
With nature, whiles not forth direct his march he takes,
But a wide winding circuit of his way he makes:
Much like the rolling trench by souldiers hand vpcast,
When he approacheth his foes fort more sure then fast,
And in his motion conuieud but slowly,
His eye did guide his pace, his iudgement led his eye,
With distance still betwixt them both proportioned,
To what so he attempts or th' other offred:
But *Alectraemos* of stature great and tall,
Greater in might, and in stout heart greatest of all,
Stands with his trenchant felling bill listd on hie,
The ruine threatening point bent to his enemye,
As planted canon gainst a wall prest to begin,
A battered breach where troopes of wounds may enter in.
Thus his aduantage each and disaduantage wist,
And how to offer harme, and how harme to resist
In both, skill courage led, and courage armed skill,
So as not rashnes ventred force, nor feare abated will,
Both hardie as the best by disposition,
Both hazardous as most by their election,
Both confident as those who losse did neuer know,
Respectfull both, as knowing well the force of foe,
Who saw the one would think nought could gainsay his might,
Who tother markt would marueile any living wight

Durst

A Herrings Tayle

Durst hopeles from assault, thus minded, armed thus,
They brought vertue comparde victorie to discausse.
But as the winde which faintly breaths twixt leaues at first,
Soone after growne in force begins the boughes to burst,
Then puls vp trees by ah' rootes, and houses throweth downe,
Till in tempest at last himselfe at last he drowne.
So these braue champions did at their first approach,
Their fire courages as twere but wake and broach:
Which ioynd, began a combat fit all mindes to feare,
That of selfe constant worthines nor priue weare:
And though amazement seeld with reason march we see,
Reason found reason yet amazed here to bee:
For *Mars* his sportles game was neuer better plaid,
Furie in brauer show neuer it selfe displaid:
Yet them dread fardest flies, as perill fastest growes,
Like glowwormes light which neerer brought the lesser shoves.
Thus lauish blowes they deale, of which each formost striu'd
To run, postillion of death each seem'd arriu'd,
More thick they fall then haile that eares and stalkes of corne
Frusheth, and makes hindes haruest hope forlorne,
More heauy seeme then thumping engine that downe beates
The plumped piles, which serue for wayfare bridges seates,
More lowd they sound, then at the forge in smoaky caue
Did *Vulcans* sledge, when battred gads to plates it draue,
That at his curteous wifes request an armour bright,
He then eke curteous shape for *Aeneas* might:
But as the twinny *Themis* and arme of Ocean flood
Single, rush forth, and kill, and burie, it withstood:
Yet where they meete, and (consens) kindly should embrace,
They struggle, hisse, and foame, and each would other chace,
That equall ballanst long the bastard brackish wave,
Doubts whither name of salt or fresh ore come to haue.

A Herrings Tayle.

So here forcible skill with counterchange matched,
Such skilfull force, and masters both, so perfectly were red,
In distance, time, and motion, schoole-points of fence,
That as the mindes like Monarchs, with due diligence
Had their directions in euery part obeyd,
So could no other minde with right iudgement arcade:
Which order, sence, vertue, that warded, or assailed,
Precise, readie, able, most of them both preuailed.
If th'one possesse a watchfull eye and march-space,
Steddie, and lance in rest, had couched prest for chace,
And all bit of respect and courage spur did guide,
Like dreadfull might came daring on the other side:
Yet euen that might his nimblenes in might did passe,
And nimbler then that nimblenes his iudgement was,
In both attempting and preventing seemed formost,
Alike, and th'answere to th'oblection rode in post:
Th'assailants fence stood most on the defencive shift,
Who vnder his embossed targe, retyring swift,
Did part escape, part ward his aduersaries blowes,
Which to attend, more fond, then shame to shun he knowes:
Yet as at high rackt rent he farmed had the soyle,
No soote would he surrender, nor one step recoyle,
But with compassing fetch, of fetching a compasse,
Occasion watcht, vantages fauour to purchase,
And liurie of conquest to haue, much like the hound
Which singled Stag at bay, doth here and there around,
And like selfe Stag seekes *Alectraemos* againe,
With one blow full set home, to stint his further paine
And tothers life: but many looseth the meane time:
For though the sparkes, or rather Lamps, to heau'n vp clime
From those fierce dints, which fall as fast as thrashers flaille
On the submitted sheaffe, yet they no more preuaile,

Then

A Herrings Tayle.

Then washfoote wane can moue the weather scorning rock,
Or towre deep grouded reakes, the winds lowd bragging shock.
So chieftaine, that t'alsiedge some towne doth vndertake,
Vvhose fire the wall, and wall turne seruing flankers make
Impregnable, now faults the gates, and now some towre
Battreth, here proffers scale, there luggage in doth powre
To glut the gaping dikes, yet vaine proues each pretence,
And lost are men, cost, time, paines, hope and patience:
Nor Fortunes blind eyde smile did more the valour blesse,
Of steale-step *Lymazan*, with hopes heire childe successe:
For if his armed masts seem'd iron horned Ramme,
Vvhose shouldred thrusts at one point leueld, dram by dram,
The mortar maride stones, either dissolue or breake,
That ruines gate, many vnknowne, vnwelcome freake,
May in admit, the tothers sether quited Iack,
No lesse seemed gainst this, at new doore knocking wrack,
A wooll sack roped downe, which yeelding doth resist,
And deads death headed blowes that him vnfriendly kist.
Each one hath scene a brended Mastiue at the stake
The Bull to baite, diuers a galley vndertake
A tall ship to assault, some the Swordfish alone
To set on the huge Vvhale: but scene haue few or none
The Bull to bait the Dog, Hulke Galley to assaile,
Vvhale his arm'd foe on set: yet here without faile
Like chance was scene, and yet not like in all they sward,
For here the Cowes son with the whelpes fires growth coparde,
Lesse showd the bruth ore barge in bignes vantage wan,
On ship and Swordfish stature past *Leuiathan*.
In brieft, as farre as gold exceeds all baggage pelfe,
So all els came behinde to match this fane it selfe.
Thus these, who as the Globe is modeld in a hart,
Had Globe of valure in their heart, as in a chart



A Herrings Tayle.

Compriz'd, with equall enuide puissance lengthened,
The still straightning battaile, and they that combatt
With anger first, selfe combat now more angereth,
And fight desire, as desire fight engendereth,
If shame disdain prouokt, oft for reuenge to strike,
Reuenge as oft reuiu'd, disdain to quite with like,
Taking and doing both, gaue and receiued paine,
Doing and taking both wan and retained gaine,
Strokes still are heapt on strokes, as fewell put to flame
Embodies more and more, what will deuoure the same:
Hate bellows was that blew, courage fire that was blowne,
Courage to wrath encreast, wrath was to furie growne:
So from selfe-loue vaine-glorie did it selfe diuorce,
Whilest smart wayted on blowes, as blowes wayted on force:
So cusse is quit with cusse, stroken they strike againe,
And beaten beat, so basht at selfe worth they remaine.
Thrice *Ale&trauemos* forst *Lymazon* recoyle,
As farre from his rash hope, as neere least feared foyle:
Such thundring, lightning bolts thick thick on him he layes,
That garland he despayres of the protecting bayes:
Yet each repulse he ransomed with a fresh attempt,
And new won honor did late infamie exempt,
As oft did *Lymazon* to others hot courage calme,
That Cypresse branch he neerer seem'd to weare then Palme.
Their eger griping thus long made them nought to straine,
And in assaies to doe, times glasse ran out in vaine,
Whilst selfe assaies more then performance wearied,
And yet selfe wearines as long dissembled.
At last weaknes in both to such strong mastrie growes,
That as faint drops after fierce storme appeerd their blowes:
And schoole-mistres of fooles, costly experience
Them taught, that vertue nor fortune a ward sentence.

For

A Herrings Tayle.

For either list or wist so consenting dissent,
Uncoupled, their buckling and they asunder went,
Asunder went, but as the bow which yeelds a space
To the withdrawing string, that his forsaken place
Regaind againe, he may th'entrusted shaft out let,
With derner maim and winged tayle in hearts blood wet,
Or as two princes of the rich arrayed flock,
Whose arm'd skonces (engines of battery) enterhock,
With backing pace, but threatfull lookes not leese, but leaue
The conquerd soyle, that short rest, long delay may reauue:
Nor sloth this space deuour'd, but each turned this while
Practike to specklatiue, and noting well the stile
Of eithers fight, their weapons vse, their vauntages,
Ment in one totall summe to pay th'arriages.
And scarce they paused had, when with wrath sparkling eyes,
Reuengefull hearts, and courage resolute, each hys
To the renewd combat: yet had the sence combinde
Of seeing schoold them so, and feeling discipline,
That in repeating their but lately cond lesson,
Respect and doubt conioynd made the construction.
A great desire to overcome did each possesse,
But how to overcome the carke was no whit lesse:
And they who gallopt to an end yet stayd againe,
That end by best way of aduantage to attaine:
For strong assault as strong defence behoues repell,
Least haste to speed banisht due care how to speed well.
But who attends each benefit that time brings forth,
(Lingring) shall hardly ought performe that is of worth,
And of th'assailants part, slownes of victorie,
On posteth ouerthrow: wherefore lesse warilie,
And with more hazard, *Lymazon* in fight was driuen
To win or loose, and not to hold the bargaine euen.

Who

A Herrings Tayle.

Who whilst he thus appeald to fortune from foresight,
Mongst many idle strokes of foes rone ayming might,
One from his crested Targe did on his shoulder glaunce,
(Quite destitute of faithfull armours purueiance)
And pearcing through his dapple pelt it selfe fleshed,
And that it did but glaunce, faire was the Snayle blessed.
For had it bitten home, that blow had quit the strife,
And iudg'd the victorie, and damn'd th'assailants life:
Like as the prisond spring, which searching spade lets out
From the earth buried vaine, soone, fast, and farre doth sprout:
So here from th'opened vaine spouts forth a christall blood,
Whose trickles wept (as raine in Summe) a pearly flood,
Dismaied, and neere discomfited, in *Lymazon* retirde,
And chaste, and hift, and foam'd, as water vnderfirde
Vp flames, and boyles, and casteth froth, and oreboard throwes
Part of the fraught, to quench the storme, nor all to loose.
On th'other side, his foe flaunting in iollitie,
Lowd *Iopeian* sings of neere gripte victorie.
But pride, (ruines forerunner) warnes, when boote is heere,
By fortunes constant inconstance, then bale is next:
For whilst with feathers brushed vp, and stretcht out neck,
And wings displaid, he sought in mate to end his check:
Lymazon off had shakt teares apprehension,
And iudgement in him stablisht resolution:
So as the sparkes of his quencht courage quicker grew,
As sturred wine, new seled, wons more strength accrew:
Wherefore with spite and rage, his bloodles vaines filling,
And to one moments seruiue, his sprights coniuring
A horned push, with force by furie creast he drives,
Whose dint with furie seconded by force arrives
At the vnplated side, and through the silken skin
Part goard, part brused, the guard betrayed flesh within.

But

A Herrings Tayle

But when both thus in blood were enter entered,
And it (allide) their armes with medley garnished,
Which palde and blusht in one, so weake defence to make,
Then, as the troden Soake, or hurt Lion, for wrake
They thistled more, then that whole floods of blood the same
Could quench: and though selfe blood did accusation frame,
And wounds to witnes calde of their distressed state,
Yet either choller rest the smart or it relate,
To the fierce minde the fainting sence lackt hardines,
At least no one their action would it confesse,
Passion from sterno of skill then reason shou'd aside,
And storme of furie raisde, and furie force supplide:
Defences are forgot, dangers despisde, disdainde
Is hope it selfe, and euen most assurance rainde:
In rash wan hope rage strokes begat, strokes rage encreast,
Each stroke did wound, each wound did threat to slay at least.
But this last act seem'd sole some dying candles blase,
Or random shot which wall would pearce, but cannot crase:
For each to other due exchange so long had paide,
That small the remnants fell, and minde in vaine assayd:
When strength was vanquished, and nimblenes was fled,
(Forfaken generall) to make new stand or head,
Apparance gesse enform'd, each prestler seem'd to die
Accompanied, then either line to victorie.
Yet *Lymaxon*, this vantage had, or thought to haue,
Latest of both (though soone) to step into the graue:
For though most store of strokes the game delt to his share,
Wounds *aletrauemos* away the sorer bare:
Whence he faint, wearie, recreant, abandoned
Of breath, of limmes, of heart, of helpe, with reake raised
And dropping taile, and drooping cheere (craven) bewraide,

A Herring's Tayle.

To yeeld he not so much refused as delaide:
Which tother spying well, hotly pursues his poynt,
And each proffred resistance, chops off ioynt by ioynt,
Threatning, insisting, striking, wounding, scuellling,
Till meeke disarm'd stilnes proclaim'd his conquering:
Then clibbie ladder gainst his battered flank he reares,
And vp it him, and he it vp, slow scaling beares:
For as the Romane Tyrant, who would feast his cruell eye
With torture of his state-suspected enemy,
The hangman bad so strike as he might feele his death,
Such wise here *Zymaxon* with tedious steps climeth,
That he the sweetnes of his victorie, and foe,
Might full and longer last his bitter ouerthrow:
Thear st neuer tamed back, new horsman he bestrides,
Whence not so please, vp his analing neck he rides,
And there enthroanes himselfe, on his combe cutted crowne
Triumphant wise, and with forst waight it prefferth downe.
His now all needles and neere emptie hacked sheeld
From shoulder back he throwes, and out doth mustring yeeld:
His full growne stature, high his head, lookes higher rise,
His pearching hornes are ream'd a yard beyond asise,
Then with a stately gate his eyes farre journey come,
And to his minde of fayre prospects bring tidings home.
They see the water beaurage giue to the drie land,
And land to water seat supplie with quiting hand,
Without channell or banke, both louely enterlaste,
Earth borne by th'Ocean, Ocean by the earth embraste:
They see the earth somewhere to swolne mountains vp blowne,
Somewhere leueld to plaines, somewhere to vales down throwne:
The mountaines losie heads with bushie locks curled,
The plaines gowned with grasse, valleyes with herbs purled:

They

A Herringes Tayle.

They see the Forrests thicke by fawedge beasts possesse,
Cattell, people the fields, incomes the vermine nest,
And ouer all, as Lord of all, they see mankind
Forgetfull of his heavenly part, to clay combine:
They see old folke knock with their staffe at gate of graue,
But though forward their pace, froward their face they haue:
They see yong folke dancing a round to pipe of time,
Whiles at their back steales in the iust reward of crime,
And with his dart strikes one, he falls, the other feare
And stand a space amaze: some out the carcasse beare,
And they begin a fresh, and so continue on,
Till one by one thus freight, the dancers all be gon:
They see wiues snating at their too fast coupled fere,
And hindring their owne course by haling still a reere:
Maydes, pitfalls of their mouthes, lures of their lookes to make,
And of their tresses grines, long billing birds to take:
They see th'ambitious then *Fent* *Star* more vaine,
Contentment shoue away, and catch thereto againe,
And on selfe intrailes gnaw: they see the enuious
More cruell, then *Jones* Eagle was to *Titius*:
Gluttons with their owne hands their owne throte hole to cut,
And couetous for sinne their corps to penance put.
Of the contentious, some they so frantick see,
That soules they venter to damning, if kild they bee,
Necks to the rope their house to wrack, if foe they kill,
Whom dead redeeme with kissetaile price they gladly will.
Others of like angrie, but not so hardie hatt,
Bequeath to follic of their will so large a part,
That rather then at home with equall neighbour beare,
Abroad the'le roue, and ride, and toyle, and tosse and teare,
And guild with guilt some puppet rake from channell sope

A Herrings Tayle.

That this late worshipt Idoll shall them ouerthrow,
Courtiers (sayre decked Sepulchers) he sees to spted
About their Soueraignes a net, that couered,
Their vanities may seeme : but fishers it they cast
From their full stored sea, to draw some gainc at last.
Gentrie he sees (like hosts) their houses gaylie dresse,
Which (they too kind swept out) Vsurers may possesse.
Wan schollers eating paper, drinking inck, which they
Like Bees disgested vp, in others bosome lay.
Farmers, distrusting God, each season chronicle,
(As nature doted) for an vnough myracle.
Townsmen, consulting how they may the vpland expell,
And liuing priuate on their owne, in the ayre dwell.
Artificers, their wits prentise to falshood biade,
Mariners to a feast the fiends bid all arow :
Which ended, the poore scraps out to the saints they throw.
Lastly, he sees Hunters cancell their bookes of count,
Because th'expences their receipts so farre surmount:
Faulknrs, a purse of coyne (too late repentant) send
About their Hawks necks tyde, to an vnkowne friend:
Gamesters, through greedines vndone, through finie drawne,
By othes (nor ease, nor remedie) lay soules to pawne.
But he that thus surueied with controlling eye
Each others actions abroad, could not espie
His owne at home by farre more vaine, who left his bowre,
His blessed bowre, vnblis himselfe, to scale this towre :
For where, prince of his will, he in the garden raiude,
And sences him delights his sences entertainde,
Whilst curious eye made choice for his as daimic nose,
Of purple robed Violet, of blushing Rose,
Of snow white Flowre-de-luce, of golden Marygold,

A Herrings Tayle.

Or rather marry-Sunne, and nose the place did bold,
Of taster for his mouth, of cheere heart Rosemary,
Deere Time, drowlie Lettice, and mayden Piony,
And morning dew, sweat of the precious starrs, he dranke,
And through the shadie greene leaved arbours ietted cranke.
All this seem'd nought, for he was naught, and with strait minde
Not so his owne good ioyde, as at others repinde:
For seeing *Aletraemos* vaunted so hie,
A Burgesse him he deem'd of the imperiall skie:
His glittering vesture pure gold he imagineth,
Imagines fond, for all not gold that glistereth:
And at direction of his crowing, him doth seeme
Mankind his actions, the Sunne to guide his teeme,
Then pleader his desire, from Iudge affection,
By witnes of supposall, soone hath sentence won,
That so great happines out sole to be posselt
By the great worthines, that sole did him reuel:
Which both vnited would so rare effects beget,
As world on wonder might, and heauens on enuie set:
Then should equalitie plot downe the lists of time,
And neither *Phœbus* chaire so high the welkin clime,
As with rayes perpendicular the earth to scorch,
And lend rest night to contraile, ne his forceles torch
Of heat in the Ocean be quenched ouer soone,
Or darknes posting steps tread on the skirts of noone:
Then should not men in open light those pranks commit,
Which euen blind night would grieue to see, as neuer fit,
Nor any slurging waste in drowlie bed the day,
Nor weare out houres of quiet at vnuly play.
Thus on the sandie ground of vaine conceit begnilde,
Frame of a common weale reform'd, his facies builde.

A Herrings Tayle.

But as the male-contented subiects, grieved long,
As much with grasse new fauourites, as their owne wrong,
By the vnlawfull meanes of ioynt rebellion,
Seemè lawfull end to seeke of reformation:
But if the left side ballance chance the right to ouerway,
And they prettaile, their vizard soone aside they lay:
The earst but ragged state, is then in peeces rent,
And each to turne the deere bought victorie is bent
To his best profit: so, when fortunes blast filling
The sailes, did ship of his attempt to haue bring
Of his desires, pretended good he then forgets
Of others, and minde on his owne, he wholly sets,
How he may surest stablish his new conquest realme,
How of his glorie fardest to deriue the streame:
But if he sitting thus each shift his wits refine,
There were against his drifts no lesse that counterminde.
For when the god of puffes, great master of the ayre,
Saw the base Snayle, of his tonnes spoyle, a Trophée reare:
Choler enflam'd his heart, reuenge tickled his fist,
Disdaine wrinckled his face, to smile of little list:
And vp his throte bole staires climbd words of threatening,
Which to effects of deedes thus wise he sought to bring:
Poste through his large Dominions are writs out sent,
To warne his windie vassals to a parliament:
So, whizzing, blustering, peeping, whisking there came in,
First lithie *Eurus* with his parodie riuid skin:
Next *Boreas* arm'd in ice, weapon'd with shot of haile,
Then *Zepherus*, his robe purfled, with flowres entraille:
And *Auster* last with dropping beard and mistie head,
Dukes of great power, whom their retinue followed,
And with low beyfance to their prince in his vast hall,

Some

A Herrings Tayle.

Some on his right hand, some on left themselves they stall:
Aeol sits in the midst, and with dread grace holdeth
His toothed mace, a trebble death which menaceth:
Not *Atlas* mount, whose feete presse downe the fiends of hell,
And head peering the clowdes, supports the Angels cell,
More lottie shewes, his stature such, such is his state,
His sparkling eyes, blasen like Comets, which relate
To mankind dismall newes, his voyce like bull that tels
His late gores smart with bellowings, and bootles yels:
And thus through anger bitten lips his words he threw,
The whiles they turning mouthes to eares attentive grew:
Oh you great children of the greatest heavenly fire,
Calde to possesse your birthright by your drawing fire:
But back repulst by middle brother of the ayre,
And with his thwarted side hard of deere repayre,
Whom wayles wandring thus, and to and fro tossed,
I gathred, stablisht, and with iust lawes ordered,
And of each quarter of the world great Lords you made,
Which with your swarmie Colonies out sent yon shade,
And since oft checks of *Ioue* I beare with patient minde,
And pikes with fellow gods, and curses of mankinde,
For slipping raines to your ill vsed libertie:
Loe now for these large benefits so liberallie
Bestowde, one boone, one sole requitall I require,
Your King it craues, who may command, stoops to desire:
My childe, my dearest childe, my childe of heavenly seede,
My glorious vaunt, my hopes rare fruite, my trauailes meede,
Set on, fought with, wounded, (O hard successe) subdued,
Helples, and neere liueles, lies in his blood imbrued,
Whose hurts my wounds eke are, and who him conquered,
On me, your king, a god, so great god triumphed.
Reuenge, reuenge you then the sonnes soule iniurie,

The

A Herrings Tayle.

The fathers bitter griefe, and our bothes infamie:
Or if (vnkind) my quartell to reuenge you slack,
See and reuenge at least your owne heele treading wrack:
For who will you regard, if you remaine vknowne?
Who can you strangers know, if first you be not showne?
Who will & who dares? who can you show? if thus wise rest,
Your Iudex vnrelicu'd, and vnreuengde be left:
Then shall the iolly Martiner, his vovwes due price
Return'd, pay you no more with offred sacrifice:
Then the prescribing steale-toll Miller neuer shall
Wait on you with his linnen wings and wheeling wall,
Nor euer shall tust peized swimmers of the ayre,
Of your great force vnwilling witnes rauishd beare:
But either you I know not, or I know full well,
Nor so small reake, nor so base thoughts in you to dwell:
You that your mother Earths void wombe reuising,
And there gainst kinde forclosde, bounsing, and rumbelling
For issue, so her vaulted entrailes tossle and teare,
That she new childing groanes with paine, and quakes for feare:
You that from vnder *Thet is foete* the mire vprake,
And therewith smeeze her face, and for your pastime sake,
To low depressed vales, and high stirring mountaines,
Neighbours of heauen and hell, transforme her warrie plaines:
You that from coast to coast the clowdes doe hold in chace,
Till melting downe in teares, conquerd they yeeld you place:
Can you endure a creature of th'inferiour sort,
Void of disconsle, a worne of so vnworthie port,
As neither stature, beantie, strength, nor ought beside,
Can by pretence of seeming cause abbet his pride,
Your princes sonne, your foster-brother dare deprive
Of honor, state and life, and with you counterstrive?
Nay first let heauen and earth perish confusde in one,

Ere

Ere least iot minisht taint your reputation.
 But why with needles words your needfull deedes stop I?
 My trustie mates, my only power, my chiefe relie:
 Goe you, goe soone, goe fast, in bud this mischiefe quail,
 Ere he of setting time doe you of speede preuaile.
 To quench this kindled fire, vse force, vse policie:
 Let valour be your god, fortune and destinie.
 From the vsurped height him thrust and tumble downe,
 Let shame his onset let, let fame your archieement crowne.
 These make bare breaths brookt not the patience to attend,
 Vntill his tale were closed in a perfect end:
 But from the folkmote rusht to broyle the skie, and band
 Sharpe fight against the great Realmes both of sea and land,
 And with waigh tier effect t'accomplish their pretence,
 By set accord they faine a iarring difference,
 And ranckt in facing troopes they enter shock amaine,
 Like stalworth Knights whose lusts faire Ladies entertaine:
 But more impetuous were their brunts, which coupling wilde
 So rough a storme begat, as winter neuer childe.
 Like foule brought fourth, the altred heau'ns were overlayed
 With mourning black, as in their limits should be played
 A tragedie, for which a stage they gan prepare,
 And wherein they a part (too nighly-bowred) bare,
 For with the thunders rore they cracking seem'd to rip,
 And burne with lightening flashes, which confusely skip.
 But price and wager sole of their contention,
 And naue where their spoakes surie met was *Lymaxon*,
 Of him they fore disdaine, themselves despilde to see,
 Gainst him their threats, their blowes, their hurts all bended bee:
 So whil'st in sea of blisse he sayled all afaunt,
 Of his good fortune proud, of his fate ignorant,
 He sooner found himselfe in danger prest to sinke,

Then the tempest foresee, or change he could bethinke:
 Whence though of courage no such share he did possesse,
 But he some inward touch felt of dismaiednes:
 Yet neither were his coward sprights depressed so,
 But that he sham'd his port should it too fully show,
 And faine he would in equall peize of iudgement rest,
 As one that could despise the worst, yet hope the best:
 But hope was wan, and countnance vaine, where earth and skie
 Against his state, seem'd linked in conspiracie:
 For in th'ascendent ballance *Mars* was facing back,
 And Ladie *Venus* detriment did threaten wrack:
 Eke *Saturne* his rulet falling in house of foes,
 Against his vassals good did his dire beames oppose,
 And th'earth quaking nodded with second ruine spire,
 To throw him headlong downe, if he would not retire,
 Whom windes no way to scape, nor power to stay affoord,
 But him on foreship, quarter, sterne (the whiles) aboard
 Both voore and Aft doe lay, so in pell mell to raze,
 And though his steps (like *Lymper* toucht) he faster glues,
 Yet him so long assaile, so oft they doe surround,
 That out at last a chinke to enter in they found.
 Like as the raine enriched flood, which tumbling low
 From the high mountaines, menaceth to overflow
 The fruitfull plaines, and make the fardest sea his goles
 If the blinde pioner, or fostred rat, some hole
 Him wimble through, then forced banck, the same doth reame
 To such a gaping gap, that at his mouth the streame
 Out belks with rushing noise, till euery furrow flore,
 And husbandman to lost paines tunes a plainfull note:
 Or as long delued oke, whose vndermined roote
 Doth purchase heauens sight, with many knocks to boote,
 If once to shoulders shog he yeeld, is loosed more

And

Of Iustitias
And more, till on the brused earth his length he skore:
So this small entrance won, the windes wedge wise in drine
Their blasts, and stich by stich his clibbie belly riue:
From the vnloosed hold thus looseth he his place,
And leaues the emptie roome a witnes of his case:
Then downe he falles, like shell-fish vp by Eagle borne,
That from the greater height he may the more be torne:
Then downe he falles like dart from th'Eagles masters hand,
Whose fire wings beares vengeance to th'offending land,
And with him fall his enuie hate and surquedrie,
His hopes, his plots, his pranks, his ioy and iollitie.
But who did fixe a naile in Fortunes rolling wheele,
Whereon he headlong downe past helpe began to reele,
And how he sau'd the game, thus driuen to his trumps,
Let others write, my pen is worne to the stumps.

FINIS.

